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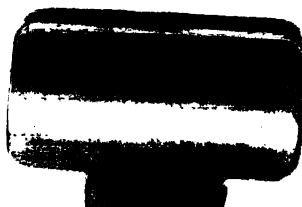
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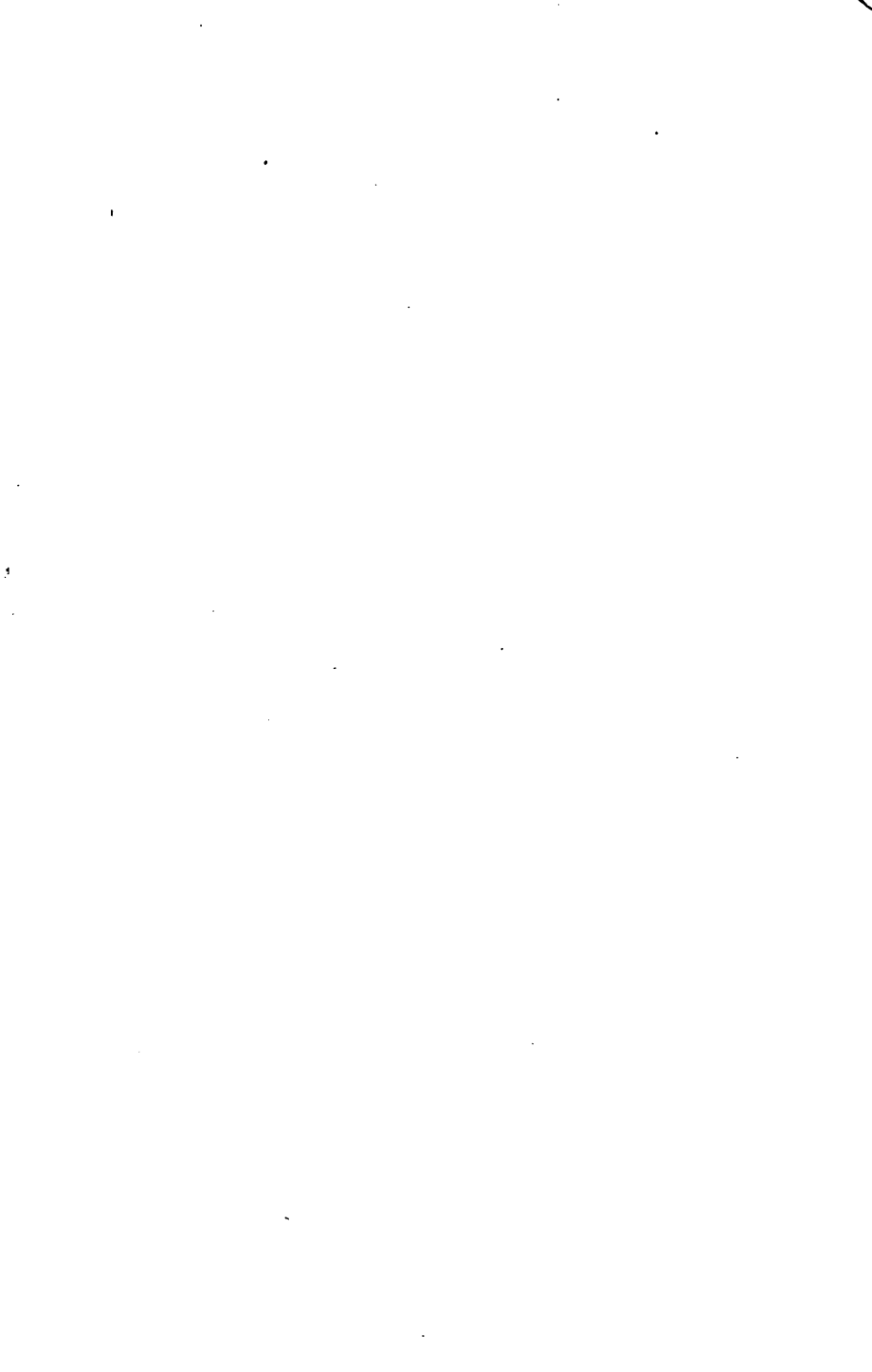


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From the Author.

THE FAIR EVANTHE:

A Poem,

IN FIVE CANTOS:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY THE

REV. JOHN PEAT, M.A.

OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

lately MINISTER OF THE WEALD, SEVENOAKS, KENT.

& now Rector of Haugleton, Sussex.

LONDON:

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

ROBERT, LORD EBURY,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE, BY PERMISSION,

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AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF KIND REMEMBRANCE,

AND OF RESPECT FOR HIS LORDSHIP'S ESTIMABLE CHARACTER

IN ALL THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF LIFE,

BY

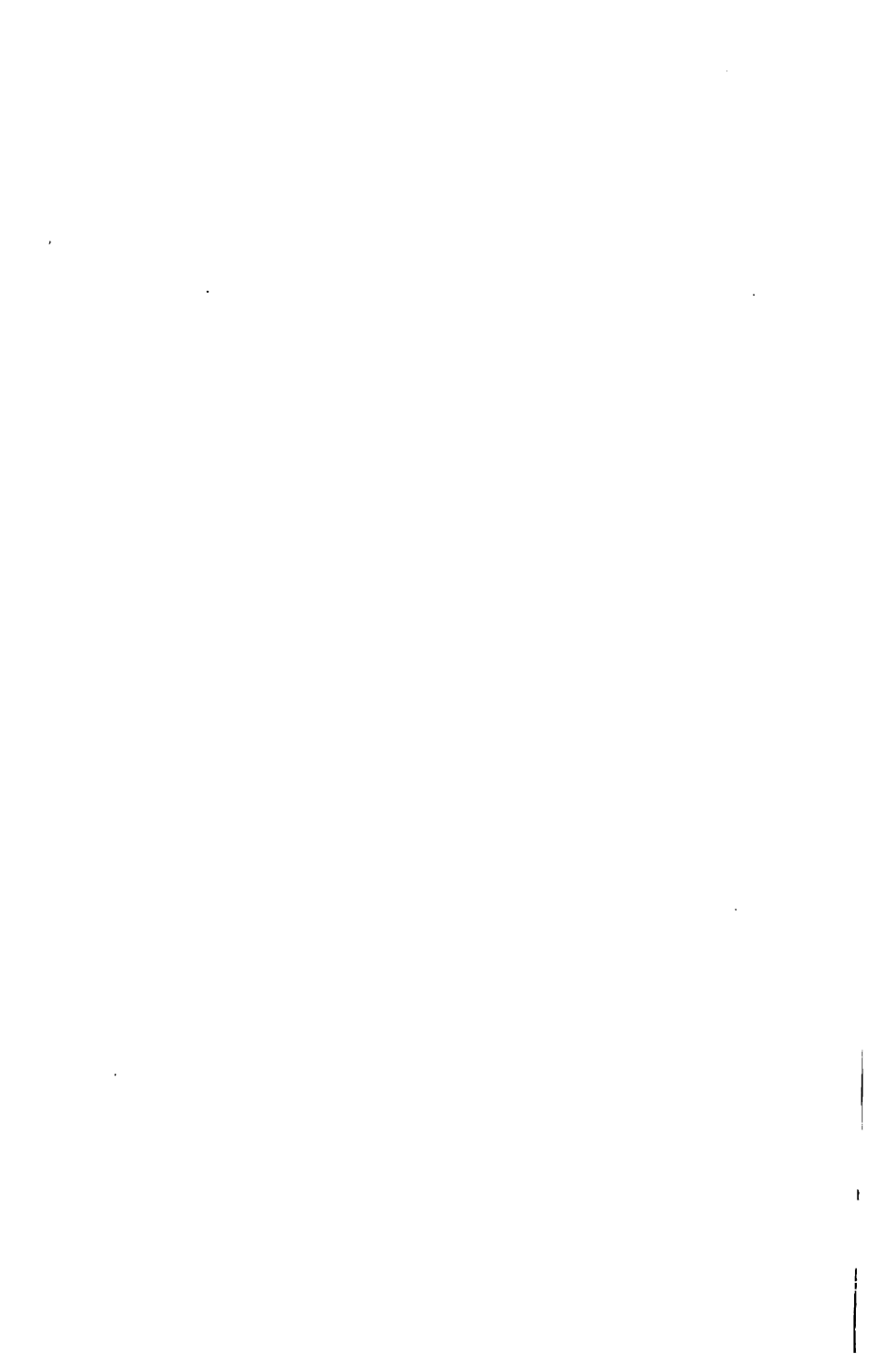
THE AUTHOR.

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THE FAIR EVANTHE.

A Poem.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

"O let me love thee! thou hast pass'd
Into my inmost heart;
A dweller on the hallow'd ground
Of its least worldly part;
Where feelings and where memories dwell,
Like hidden music in the shell."

L. E. L.



PREFACE.

IN the following Poem, it has been the Author's aim to describe much that is beautiful, graceful, excellent, and holy in woman. In fact, he has wished to depict "the fair Evanthe" as only "a little lower than the angels;" while, in Henry de Crichton, he has aimed at exhibiting "a model man." How far he has succeeded in doing so, it is not (of course) for him to determine. Should he have fallen short in his undertaking, he hopes the "gentle" Reader will be disposed to make every reasonable allowance, considering the scope and difficulty of the design.

As the name of the heroine is uncommon, the

same gentle Reader will perhaps be inquisitive to know where the Author picked it up. In reply, the Author begs to say that there is good authority for the name; and that he found it in one of the works of our great Dramatists,—but whether in those of Ben Jonson, or of Beaumont and Fletcher, he cannot, at this moment, say; but certainly in one of them.

Some of the minor “Songs” in the following Poem have appeared in a small collection of the Author’s verses; which was published several years ago, and which has long been out of print. The Poem itself is original, and is now appearing for the first time.

WEALD PARSONAGE, SEVENOAKS,
Dec. 9th, 1858.

* * It is, perhaps, due to the Reader to state why the Poem of “Evanthe the Fair” is designedly written in irregular measures:—The

Author is a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," which he generally reads once a year, with a feeling (due modifications being made for the difference of objects) somewhat resembling the reverence of an early devotee when on a pilgrimage. He has often thought that if a Poem were written, combining the irregular style of the "*Lay*" with the easy versification of the "*Ingoldsby Legends*," there would be an absence of monotony which might charm, or at least refresh, the flagging reader.



THE FAIR EVANTHE

A Poem.

CANTO I.

EVANTHE'S SONGS.

"The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from her father's gate?"

COLERIDGE.

CONTENTS OF CANTO I.

Evanthe "the fair" roams, at evening, among the ruins which surround her father's mansion, and, finding them deserted, raises the admiration (but not the envy) of Echo, by the sweetness of her solitary songs.

CANTO I.

I SING of Evanthe,—Evanthe “the fair,”—
With the lustrous eyes and the raven hair,—
Hair, which though bound with riband, was still
Free to flow, twine, or curl at will ;—
Which, glossy and silken, play’d its part
As much as the face, or as much as the heart ;
And *eyes* through which the light did gleam
In one pellucid—resistless beam,—
So soft !—it might draw an infant’s gaze ;
So thoughtful !—it might a warrior daze !
She seem’d like an angel in maiden guise,
With her gentle mien, and her wondrous eyes ;
There seem’d to her a something given
Which lifted your thoughts far away—tow’rds
Heaven ;
While you gaz’d on a mortal—Evanthe “the fair,”
Your mind travell’d off through the regions of air ;

And when, with sweet music, her pensive tone
Fell, note by note, on your ear—alone,
Or ascended, with tuneful power, on high,—
You thought of some chorus that swells through
the sky ;—

You thought of “the music of the spheres,”—
Of music an angel makes or hears ;—
You thought that Evanthe, so sweet and fair,
Was created to teach, by endowments rare,
That ’twixt mortals, and angels who dwell on
high,

There is, after all, an affinity :—
In the lower rank, ’tis an instinct of Love,
But ’tis Pity—sweet Pity—in angels above :—
Love and Pity—for ever combining,—
Like sweet flowers of earth all intertwining !

Then, her pleasant laugh if once you had heard,—
Like a silver-ton’d bell, or the song of a bird,—
O ! it would ring in your ear ever after,
So joyous and glad !—that merry laughter !

Such was Evanthe—Evanthe “the fair”—
With her lustrous eyes and her flowing hair.

She sat by a Ruin—a picturesque scene—
Whose walls scarcely told what once it had been ;
But the moss and the lichens those walls still embrace,

And green ivy adorns them with marvellous
grace :—

She sat by a Ruin, beneath an old arch,
Shaded in part by a tall weeping-larch ;
Through the span of the arch, there was over her
The gushing glare of the sun-light red. [shed
(’Twas Evening ; and Softness reign’d in the sky ;
The scene was a clear transparency !)
You gaz’d in doubt whether it might be
Her picture stereoscop’d, or she.

But *she* it was,—fair flesh and blood,
With her pensive mien, and her pious mood ;
Yes, she it was,—as she sat alone,
With her lofty thoughts, and her holy tone ;
A tone with which the old Ruin rang
As thus the fair Evanthe sang ;
Whilst Echo faint would fain prolong
The exquisite notes of that simple song,—
(That whimsical Echo, which mocks us, when lone,
Seem’d now only bent on *retarding the tone* !)

EVANTHE'S SONG. (No. 1.)

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

1.

Much to that mind—O! much is given,
Whose gaze is fixt alone on Heaven;
Much that is pure and deep and bright,—
Visions of glory and of light!

2.

Sweet are the dreams of holy souls!
Their bliss no tyrant force controuls;
Their view no outward veil restrains,
Their prospect lasts, their joy remains.

3.

Happy they are in what is given;
Happy, because 'tis full of Heaven;
Happy, because 'tis free from sin,—
When hearts are pure, joy reigns within.

* * * * *

The tones were subdued: the cadence sank
Downwards beneath the river's bank;

Then, with the last gleam of declining day,
Gently dissolv'd, and melted away.
Such I have heard floating, oft, in the distance ;
To which the wind offer'd a fitful resistance
In so gentle a way, and in such degree,
That I knew not if music had ceas'd to be,
Or whether my ear, desiring it there,
Imagined it still to be floating in air.

Now, this was a picture of peace and content
Which our much-troubled earth does not always
present ;

O ! this was a scene, which, at Nature's calm
hour,

Was grand in its influence, sovereign in power,—
More charming, and more universal in sway,
Than the most dazzling hours of a sunshiny day !
I love the soft Twilight, possessing that grace
Which a talented painter loves ever to trace ;
When, in Ocean, fierce Sol is seeking his bed,
Whose curtains—the clouds—are still ting'd with
red ;—

When fair Luna, the Virgin, preparing to rise,
First hallows our minds,—predisposing our eyes

By emitting such pearly tokens of light,
 That our souls are *prepar'd* for a silvery Night.
 When such a fair scene, entranc'd, I behold,
 I prefer its pure silver to earth's drossy gold ;—
 "I feel," I exclaim, "it is good to be here,"
 And I long for the presence of some *Van der*
*Neer*¹,
 Who, whilst roaming a terrace with me, might
 enjoy
 Those high pleasures of earth which, though rich,
 never cloy.
 Dream on, ye rapt star-gazers! grand is your sight!
 And holy to you is imperial Night :
 Gaze on with rapture at the silent scene,
 (Silent to *us* ; yet *busy*², too, I ween !)
 Gaze on ;—for, God's clock-work tells every eye
 How Time and how Seasons are fitting by ;

¹ A celebrated painter who has been happily styled "painter in ordinary to the Queen of Night;" because he painted *moonlight scenes* so exquisitely.

² "And stars are kindling in the firmament,
 To *us* how silent ; yet, like ours, perchance,
 Busy, and full of life and circumstance."

ROGERS'S "*Human Life*."

Obeys, like those orbs, your Creator's commands,
Whilst you dream of "the mansions not made
with hands."

Holy Night!—sweet Luna!—to each there belongs
A floweret fresh cull'd from Evanthe's songs;—
Preceded by chimes of that witching hour
Which proclaims to all, fair Sunset's power.

EVANTHE'S SONG. (No. 2.)

SUNSET.

1.

'Tis Sunset, and the mimic power
Of old romance revives;
The magic of the witching hour
To cloudy forms lends lives.

2.

'Tis Sunset, and I think of those
Who think, perhaps, of me;—
And wish them all the sweet repose
Of Nature's scenery!

3.

'Tis Sunset ;—as I view that orb
Plunge in the golden wave,
Triumphant thoughts my mind absorb ;
I look beyond the grave.

4.

To-morrow's glorious sun shall shine,
Fair Nature's eldest born ;—
May such a bright career be mine
In Heaven's eternal morn.

Evanthe had paus'd ; and, impress'd with the
scene,
Fell into sweet musings on things that had been,—
On things which might be, and on things that
are,
Till her eye caught, by chance, the Evening star ;
When, looking aloft, she beheld Night's fair
Queen—
Sweet Luna resplendent—reign over the scene.
And she lifted her voice, as she rais'd her eye,
To that beauteous Moon which roams through
the sky.

EVANTHE'S SONG. (No. 3.)

TO LUNA.

1.

When the Sun hath sought rest from his toil and
his labours,

And sunk in the arms of old Ocean once more ;
When the rustic sits chatting at ease with his
neighbours,

And views the sweet cherubs that play round
his door ;

When the world is all still, and when Nature's
soft beauty

Is sweetly refresh'd by the twilight's calm
hour ;

When each star is perceiv'd, like a soldier on duty,
Displaying its Maker's astonishing power ;

2.

Then thou risest, fair Luna ! thou risest in glory,

Then first thy pure lamp sheds its silvery glow ;
Made illustrious alike in psalm, song, and story,—
Thou shinest with brightness on mortal below ;

And, like myriads of others, for ever revolving,
Thou movest on nothing, divine work of God !
Who ordain'd thee to shine,—night's black dark-
ness dissolving,
And form'd thee, and finish'd thee both, by His
nod !

3.

As for me, when at night I behold thee unclouded,
So sweet is thy aspect, so pure are thy rays,
When I look at the earth in dark shadows en-
shrouded,
I feel a sweet transport all o'er, as I gaze ;—
And I think of the hand that appointed thy
station,—
That fix'd thee thy limits, that set thee a
bound,
And whose mercy, extending alike to each
nation,
Is so condescending, so vast, so profound !

4.

And I think of the bliss of that sanctified choir,
Who dwell in those heavenly regions of light,

And who, purg'd from earth's dross by celestial fire,
Enjoy the reward of their virtuous fight³.

O! then, let me, Great Father of all things, have
power

To rule those vain passions inherent in man,
And to follow and copy, till life's latest hour,
The order and concord observ'd in Thy plan.

She ceas'd; and lo! a murmuring breeze
Stirr'd gently all the neighbouring trees;

As if material Nature lov'd

T' applaud the music she approv'd.

Enthusiasts, rapt, would higher rise,

And waft approval to the skies;

And when each leaf its plaudit brings,

Would say, "An angel claps his wings!"

But fair Evanthe scarce would heed

Men's praises,—though her proper meed;

But, lifting heart and soul to Heaven,

As noble thoughts to her were given,

She, though herself a thing of light,

Sweetly apostrophiz'd the Night:—

³ *Vide Ephesians vi. 13 et seq.*

EVANTHE'S SONG. (No. 4.)

NIGHT.

I love the silent, sober Night,—
The softness of the Moon's pale light ;
To me it seems more fair, more sweet,
Than e'en the Sun's enlivening heat.

Night is the season when the soul,
Freed from the thoughtless world's controul,
With swelling love, though mix'd with fear,
Admires yon beauteous, starry sphere ;
And, as it views those orbs so bright,
It grows enraptur'd at the sight,
And longs to fly in liquid air,
And join the kindred spirits there.
The world sinks into nothing *then* ;—
The vain pursuits of fickle men
Delight no more ;—a purer joy
Doth *then* the fleeting hours employ.

O silent Night ! when all is still
Except some gently flowing rill ;

When busy, anxious cares are o'er,
And bustling noise is heard no more ;
When all the stars their forms disclose,
And Nature seeks her soft repose ;
Then let me wander in some vale,
And hear the tuneful nightingale ;
Or listen to the mournful breeze
Which sighs among the lofty trees ;—
Then let me feel the soul's soft balm
Experienc'd in the midnight calm ;
Or hear the Great Jehovah ride
Upon the tempest's windy tide ;
In every way,—whate'er the form,—
Or in the fiercely raging storm,
Or in the cool, refreshing shower,
I see,—I feel, His boundless power !

And O ! when my last hour draws nigh,
When the loud summons sounds on high,
When gloomy death appears in sight,
May I resemble thee, soft Night !
Smooth, placid, Summer-night ! like thee,
May I meet dread Eternity.

She ceas'd ; and lo ! the stars combine
With light unwonted forth to shine ;—
Some fond enthusiast would have said,
They shed their blessing on her head.
But human praise she heeded not ;
Or if she heard, 'twas soon forgot.
So, thus, her evening songs were ended,
And—" like a fairy "—home she wended.

END OF CANTO I.

THE FAIR EVANTHE.

A Poem.

CANTO II.

LOVE.

"Ah ! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt."

BYRON.

CONTENTS OF CANTO II.

The loves of the fair Evanthe and Henry de Crichton.

CANTO II.

BUT *why* should Evanthe—Evanthe “the fair,”—
With her wondrous eyes and her beauteous hair,
O! why should Evanthe sit alone
And waste her songs, and her holy tone,
And her pious mood, beyond compare?—
Why should she waste them on “desert air?”
Why should she seek that silent hour
In which to display her magnificent power?
Why, ah! why should she, lonely, seek
Thus to conceal her talents unique
From admiring neighbours who fain would hear
That vocalist sweet, and without a compeer?
But, gentle reader! *were* her talents wasted
When to the old Ruin she silently hasted,—
When to God she devoted each holy tone
’Mid the echoing arch of that Ruin lone,—

Each noble thought, and each lofty flight
Which made charming the grandeur of sable
Night ?

O ! if in God we truly rejoice,
Then talents and tones and heart and voice,—
Body and soul, and all our powers
Are devoted to Him in religious hours ;—
To Him, on earth, with zeal are given,—
Some faint foreshadowing of Heaven !
O ! if indeed to God we give *all*,
Nothing is left our hearts to enthrall !
Pale grow tyrant Sin and Desire
Before the bright flame of a holier fire ;
Hateful grows Sin, and hideous is Vice
Whilst we think of the Saviour's sacrifice,—
That Saviour, so kind, so pure, and so mild,
Who invites each to come—like “ a little child ;”—
That Holy Saviour, so meek and so blest,
Who says, “ Come ! and I will give thee rest !”
Who says, with His beautiful feet on the moun-
tain ¹,
“ I am the ever-living FOUNTAIN ;”—

¹ “ How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.”—ISAIAH lii. 7.

Who says to the thirsty, that throng round its
brink,

“Come, weary ones, all! yea, come and drink;
The sweet water gushes, the Fount ne’er is dry,
Drink, belov’d ones! yea, drink² abundantly!”
But *why* should Evanthe ramble alone
And waste each song and each musical tone
And each eloquent talent—beyond compare?—
Why waste them all upon “desert air?”

Gentle Reader! methinks I hear thee ask
This considerate question to shorten my task;
I hear thee “*come to the point*,” I confess,
And I own I am apt—very apt—to digress,—
To roam at large among earth’s pretty flowers,
(Whether real or poetical,—*both* are ours!)
And cull those sweet blossoms which suit my taste,
And perhaps, like Evanthe, my talents waste.

Well, then, Reader! if “truth severe” must be
told,

Evanthe *affected* that Ruin old

² “Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!”—SOLOMON’S
SONG, v. 1.

For private reasons that pleas'd her own mind,
Which in earth's "gay haunts" she never could
find ;

It brought with it soothing associations,
And it brought solicitous contemplations ;
For, there she had rambled, from hour to hour,
And there had convers'd, in "rustic bower,"
With HENRY DE CRICHTON, whose simple name
Would arouse a silent (but tell-tale) flame.
Allude to *him*, when you pleas'd, any day,
And each truant pulse would come into play,
Would dance, and would branch all over her
face,

Adding beauty to each indescribable grace ;
Thus, basely betraying the maid, I confess,
But proclaiming to all, her tenderness.
Yet, though she might blush whene'er he was
nam'd,—

In her inmost soul, she was not ashamed !

And who was this Crichton, who caus'd such confusion,
Such throbs, and such blushes,—such crimson intrusion,—

Such numberless beauties, such infinite grace,
To *so* discompose Evanthe's fair face?

De Crichton was one whom Nature had stamp'd
As a *dear* son, whose bravery nothing e'er
damp'd,—

Whose courage was shown in Adversity's day,—
Not in marring God's image, or "fighting one's
way,"

Not in spitefully seeking occasion of strife,—
But in manfully fighting "the battle of Life."

Henry Crichton was one, whose majestic brow
Was stor'd with high thoughts. God oft loves to
endow

His choice ones with shining and splendid parts,
Which soon win their way to unprejudiced hearts;
Though such brilliant talents the wicked distress,
And fill them with envy no words can express!
How malignant is Envy! how hateful to all!
How spiteful its malice! how baleful its gall!
Envy tortures itself,—it never can rest
When it views the calm peace with which *wise*
men are blest;

Like "the troubled sea," dirt and mire it casts up,
While it drinks the dire potion of Life's bitter
cup.

E'en Crichton's great namesake³, admir'd by all,
Trapp'd by envious malice, escap'd not a fall!

Henry Crichton was one, on whom Nature had
pour'd

Those gifts which in some favour'd few seem all
stor'd;—

You may style it "good fortune,"—you may call
it her "whim,"

But she emptied her Cornucopia on *him*;—

She emptied her Cornucopia, and then

Crichton shone, like a star, 'mong the sons of
men;—

Like a comet's, his track was brilliant and bright,
Dispelling the darkness and deadness of Night;

Like a planet, receiving its light from the Sun,

He reflected his light;—thus his duty was done.

The stamp of Nobility burnish'd his brow,

Gentle—noble he was,—and grand any how!

³ The "admirable" Crichton.

He was one of *Nature's* "gentlemen," whom all
men must confess,—

But whom, alas! the wicked oft are combining to
oppress!

No "patent" of nobility—none *legal* could he show,
And therefore to his claim, I ween, the heralds
would say "No."

"Poor," he own'd, "he was;" and *proud*, too, he
was thought,

Because he was one who (all men knew) could
ne'er be *bought*.

High-soul'd, yet kind; he humbly walk'd with
God;

Receiv'd his Maker's chastisements, and meekly
"kiss'd the rod."

He was one of *Nature's* "gentlemen," whom all
men must confess,

But whom, alas! too often, *bad* men join to oppress.

The Muse would do him justice: he was a man of
mark,

Whose soul was full of honour,—touch'd with
Poesy's bright spark;

He was a keen musician, and emphatically
found

The pleasure which arises from the poetry of
sound ;—

An artist true, he felt the power which painting
ever gives,

For, let him touch a canvas blank, and lo ! that
canvas lives !

He had a ready wit, which rul'd with cheerful
reign,

And most brilliant conversation with ease he could
sustain ;

His pity was most generous ; his heart was free
and kind,

For, it oft outran his purse, and left his pocket far
behind !

Superior to “ the common herd,” as the lord is
to his groom,

He was gay without low levity, and serious with-
out gloom.

He lov'd Christ's pure Religion ;—lov'd it with
ardent zeal,

But he never deign'd to express a word, which, at
heart, he did not feel :

He was no canting hypocrite;—true charity he
had,
He lov'd the good man's company; and he *dar'd*
to shun the bad;
He was a sterling character,—not much in fashion
now,—
Integrity adorn'd his heart, as talent lit his brow!
Avoiding all deceit, and eschewing false pretence,
He was an English “gentleman,” in that word's
highest sense.

That Crichton's brilliant fancy
Should centre in Evanthe,
Readers, with ease, may see;
It doubtless was a thing which all
Could plainly tell would soon befall—
A *fixt* thing, which must be.

Their love was, then, no wonder,—
Their forms were far asunder,—
Their souls were *join'd*;—'twas done!
God form'd them for each other,
Their love they could not smother;
Their hearts and souls were one.

Wise was the man who said, forsooth,
“The course of true love ne’er ran smooth,”
In any land or place;—
Evanthe sadly liv’d apart
From him who thus possess’d her heart :
So, reader ! hear the case :—

Evanthe was noble in lineage of earth,—
She was noble by nature, and noble by birth,—
She had lost her sweet mother—O long, long ago !
Ere well she could measure the depth of her woe :
(Bright Angels of mercy ! my sympathy send
To all without a mother,—a Mother,—that sweet
friend !)

Thus, her lordly sire was left alone,
And Evanthe was all he could call his own.
(For, houses and lands and all such trash
To call “ours,” would be indescribably rash ;
Because, in Adversity’s difficult day,
They oft flap their wings, and they oft fly away !)
A MAC DONALD he was,—for “a prince” he went,—
And too well he remember’d his proud descent :
E’en a casual observer might soon discern
That Mac Donald was rul’d by Ambition stern.

And so, alas !
 It came to pass,
 That the love of fair Evanthe,
 And Crichton's darling fancy,—
 That love so pure,
 Which must endure,
 Was frown'd on by her father ;—
But it only flam'd the rather !
 For, woman's will, or woman's love,
 Ascendeth still, all arts above,
 It burneth ever,—it dieth never !
 And he is clever, who could sever
 The stedfast union,
 The sweet communion
 Of two such honest, holy hearts,
 Or cut *one* ⁴ *soul* into two separate parts !
 As for Crichton, indeed, nought could turn his
 affection
 Into any new channel, or other direction ;

⁴ " So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,

• • • • •

Rush'd together at last, and one was lost in the other."

LONGFELLOW'S "*Miles Standish*."

He chang'd not ever, nor did he know fear,
But his *pride* would not let him persevere ;
So he sought the soothing advice of another,
For, " he was the only son of his mother,
And she was a widow ;"—indeed and in truth
A widow almost from the years of youth ;
And he wept on her bosom, and told her his grief,
And found, in her sympathy, sweet relief.

What sweet relief can a " Mother " afford !
What holiness dwells in that sacred word !
O ! what can hinder (witness, saints above !)
What can check or withstand a mother's love ?
Who can count all her watchings and perseverance ?
Who can tell all her counsel, and sweet inter-
ference ?
Who can paint her soft patience,—her sorrowful
grace,
Her tear-bedew'd eyes, and her anxious face ?
What tongue can rehearse the amount of each
trial ?—
Her unwearied endurance, her vast self-denial ?
No tongue can tell it ! 'Tis for the heart to feel ;—
The heart that notes it not, is made of steel :

Like Jacob ^s of old, who wrestled all night,
And prevail'd, by a trope, o'er an Angel of might;
She would climb up to Heaven, by the angels' stair,
She would wrestle, all night, with Jehovah in
prayer ;

She would say to her God, "Though my child
may distress me,

I will not let Thee go, unless Thou bless me !"

And *when* she prevails with her merciful God,

Who consents to her prayer, and withdraws His
rod,

The Angels take up their ethereal strain ;—

In celestial courts, sweet rejoicings reign ;—

Life to another repentant child is given,

And joy and pure gladness reign in Heaven.

And the way Crichton found relief was this ;—

To tear him away from the scene of his bliss !

His mother advis'd him, though loving him
well,

O'er wide seas to go ;—in strange lands to dwell ;—

There, like a pilgrim sad, to tarry,—

Till homeward he might come,—and marry.

^s GENESIS xxxii. 24 *et seq.*

He determin'd to go : he prepar'd to set sail ;
Nought Evanthe could say, was of any avail :
They met in the Ruin—that Ruin so old,
With its beautiful arch, and its Sunset of
gold ;—

They met in the Ruin—those lovers so true—
There they held, in their bower, their last inter-
view.

They were not speechless, but their souls were
dull,

So scarcely they spake ; for, their hearts were too
full.

She gaz'd on his features,—those excellent fea-
tures

Which sometimes adorn God's intelligent crea-
tures ;

He dar'd not send one furtive glance

On her sweet, suffering countenance.

She gaz'd on *him* :—he gaz'd on “ the distance ; ”—

She knew she must offer no resistance,—

She knew he must go to distant lands,

And pine away on foreign strands :—

Should *she* not sadly pine away too ?—

She knew it beforehand ;—she knew 'twas too true !

Sick at heart⁶, she sat silent; and *at* him gaz'd
 Like one entranc'd, and sore amaz'd.
 Oh, reader! with what most painful surprise
 Wouldst thou have regarded Evanthe's fine eyes!
 She sat—a fine statue—a statue of grief,
 With her sorrowful face in bold relief;
 She sat, and was silent',—still gazing on *him*,
 With tearful eyes not o'erflowing the brim:—
 Oh! thou wouldst have ask'd, as she sat there, }
 “Can this be Evanthe—Evanthe ‘the fair’— }
 With the lustrous eyes and the flowing hair?” }

Ah, reader! times of trouble come
 To men of each degree;
 Evanthe's moan was not alone,—
 Those times shall come to *thee*.

* * * * *

⁶ “A frantic feeling when we know
 That what we love, shall ne'er be so.”

BYRON.

’ “When we two parted
 In silence and tears;
 Half-broken hearted
 To sever for years.”

BYRON.

But Crichton arous'd him from his musing,
And, with the hope of joy infusing,
Propos'd to sing some new-made songs,
Whose burden to our *Next* belongs :

In *this* poor Canto, could I tell
The magic of his tuneful swell ?
Or how he sang,—how sweet,—how well ? }

END OF CANTO II.

THE FAIR EVANTHE.

A Poem.

CANTO III.

DE CRICHTON'S SONGS.

"Most musical, most melancholy."

MILTON'S "*Il Penseroso*."

CONTENTS OF CANTO III.

Henry de Crichton endeavours to cheer the fair Evanthe, by singing his own newly made songs to her, during his last interview with her, previously to his sailing for India.

CANTO III.

SOME say that love is the "old,—old story,"
That however new-drest, it is ancient and hoary !
"Each love-tale," say they, "is a tale of old,
An ancient history—thrice told !" —
Why, it is an old-fashion'd thing, I confess,
However fresh and stylish its dress ;
Old as the world¹, yet ever new,
Because to Nature ever true !
The blood which in our veins doth flow
Bubbled and boil'd, many years ago,
In all our ancestors' blue veins,
Yielding some pleasures, and many pains !

¹ "Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

LONGFELLOW.

Yet, love is a holy thing², after all ;
It sweetens life in cottage and hall ;
It softens man's labours ; it warms him when cold ;
It tinges his humble horizon with gold ;
It cheers his hearth ; and, with other graces,
Brings little knee-climbers with coaxing faces ;
It peoples the palace, it comforts the cot,
And often adds happiness to man's lot.

Henry Crichton thus mus'd, as he reach'd his
guitar,
Whilst his eye still gaz'd on "the distance" afar ;—
If he look'd at Evanthe, his eye would glisten,—
Chords he struck !—and Evanthe began to listen :
Tender the tune, though sad and wild,
To which was join'd a chorus mild.
A dreamy prelude oft affords
Some clue whereby to guess the words :—
However this may be, Evanthe
Knew well what strain would be his fancy :
Love rul'd his heart ; Love tun'd his voice ;
A love-song was his natural choice :—

² The Author here alludes to such a picture of *wedded love*, as Thomson has so well painted in his "Seasons."

DE CRICHTON'S SONG. (No. 1.)

THE PILGRIM'S SERENADE.

1.

Sweet lady ! I will love thee
For ever and for aye ;
None rules my heart above thee,
And yet I am not gay :
I am a pilgrim weary,
Life's road is rough and bare,
And all is dark and dreary—
Except when *thou* art there.
Sweet lady ! I will love thee
For ever and for aye.

2.

O ! give, from 'midst thy tresses,
One beauteous lock to me ;
I'll nourish with caresses
This memory of thee ;

I'll nurse it with the beatings
Upspringing from my heart ;
I'll welcome it with greetings—
From lips that know their part.
Sweet lady ! I will love thee
For ever and for aye.

3.

Sweet lady ! I do love thee,
My love no words can tell ;
That little star above thee
My truth doth witness well.
Now, lady, I must leave thee
For staff and scallop-shell ;
But oh ! *I love !* believe me,—
Ere yet I say Farewell.
Yes, lady, I will love thee
For ever and for aye.

De Crichton ceas'd ; and as he ended,
With voice and music richly blended,
His fingers still continued moving,—
As if the strings they still were loving !

Over and over did he play
That softly sentimental lay :—
He struck the music o'er *again*,
As if he would repeat the strain,
And make each verse the more emphatic ;—
The fair Evanthe seem'd ecstatic !
But quiet and compos'd withal,
Drinking the notes in, as they fall.

A pleasant silence then ensued,—
A silence—as of Solitude ;
For they, though seated side by side,
With their own thoughts were occupied ;
And, as they sat, the sky, less red,
Prov'd that the Sun had sought his bed.
Crichton now tried, though half afraid,
To rouse and move the musing maid ;
And soon he struck a brilliant chord
Which something cheerful might afford :—
A joyous tune, or merry round,
Sent forth a buoyant, brilliant sound ;
And pleasant music floated by,
Or upward sought the Evening sky,
As if to tell those placid orbs
That grief *not always* man absorbs !

'Twas gay, 'twas racy, and 'twas rare,—
Reader! I would thou hadst been there!
Then, if with such soft beauty smitten,
Far better *thou* this tale hadst written!
No matter:—on the music ran,
As Crichton thus his song began:—

DE CRICHTON'S SONG. (No. 2.)

A WOODLAND SONG.

1.

Fair Evanthe,
Child of Fancy,
Sweet Evanthe, come away!
By pure fountains,
O'er high mountains,
Let us forth together stray.

2.

Echo follows
Through deep hollows;
Echo loves to follow thee:
Fair Evanthe,
Child of Fancy,
Come with Echo, and with *me*.

3.

Fair Evanthé,
My sweet fancy !
Come with me, and catch the breeze ;
Hear the verses
Love rehearses
When he sighs among the trees.

4.

All the Naiads,
All the Dryads,
Leave, for thee, their green retreats ;
All the Graces
Show their faces
When thy pulse with freedom beats.

5.

All the Muses—
(None refuses !)
All attend thy woodland songs ;
Led by Clio,
(Lov'd in Scio*,)
Echo still thy strain prolongs.

* The modern name for the ancient Chios.

6.

Rustic ever !
Vulgar never !
Echo makes thee known to fame !
Crying Echo !
Dying Echo !
Joyous, sad,—'tis all the same !

7.

Fair Evanthé,
Child of Fancy,
Come with *me*, and come away !
Light and shadow,—
Stream and meadow,—
All invite thee forth to stray⁴.

⁴ Since writing the above "Woodland Song," the Author's attention has been called to some beautiful lines, somewhat similar (though far better), by Sir Walter Scott, commencing thus :—

"Hie away, hie away,
O'er bank and o'er brae,
Where the copse-wood is greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheenest," &c. &c.

The brilliant sounds ascended high,
And swell'd in tuneful symphony ;
Then sank in cadence soft and slow,
Till by degrees—more faint and low—
Their cheerfulness at length they drop ;—
The artist's languid fingers stop.
For, thoughts of leaving friends behind,
Came rushing o'er his anxious mind ;
And thoughts of distant countries prov'd
How much his native land he lov'd !
Domestic ties must sever'd be
By the restless waves of the rolling sea ;
(No marvellous Atlantic cable
To waft a message *then* was able ;)
Friends must be left, and who could say
Would such friends meet another day ?
Alas ! it has been clearly shown
“ We cannot call a day our own ! ”
Besides, one's native land to leave,
Must cause the stoutest heart to grieve ;—
Our native land demands our love
All other countries far above !
Who would not bleed, who would not die,—
Endure the last extremity,—

Die³ like a hero,—die or bleed
To help one's country in her need ?

Such patriotic thoughts as these
At times, with force, will all men seize ;
They stole, of course, with tenfold power,
O'er Crichton at this solemn hour.
He was about from bliss to fly,—
To bid his native land "good bye ;"
To suffer exile!—yet, o'er all
(Where'er his earthly lot should fall)
His country still should rank the first;—
Loud into singing thus he burst:—

DE CRICHTON'S SONG. (No. 3.)

A LOYAL BALLAD.

1.

Long may she thrive—Britannia !
And never want a man
Duteous and wise to help her,
In every act and plan.

³ " Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

2.

Long may she thrive—our Country !
Pride of the sea and land !
May none, with dire effront'ry,
'Gainst *her* e'er lift his brand.

3.

Around us clash the Nations !
Princes have felt the shock !
Whilst, free from emulations,
We dwell—as on a Rock.

4.

Long may she thrive—fair England !
In Commerce, Church, and State ;—
Her nobles kind, her poor content,—
A kingdom richly great.

He ceased ; and gave at Evanthe a look,
Who scarce e'en a glance of his eye could then
brook :—
Attempting a smile, she gaz'd in his eyes,
(That poor smile was a tear's most flimsy dis-
guise !)

“Dear Henry!” she said, “to-morrow thou wilt
be
On the fickle waters of the deep, deep Sea!”
“Love! fear not!” said Crichton, “when I’m
far away,
I rejoice in the Deep,—I glory in its spray.”
And he struck his guitar with hurried motion,
While he briskly apostrophiz’d the Ocean:—

DE CRICHTON’S SONG. (No. 4.)

AN OCEAN SONG.

1.

(The Storm.)

Thou roaring, foaming Ocean!
I love thy wild commotion,
When thy white spray dances aloft in air,—
As if chasing, unseen, some Sea-nymph fair;
O! I love thee, thou Ocean!
I love thy wild motion

When thy billows are heaving, and panting, and
dashing,—

When thy surges are raging, and beating, and
crashing,—

O! I love thee then

In thy “vasty” den,—

E'en then, in thy wrath, with thee would I dwell,
Thou thing of might! Thou untameable!

Or when the winds frolic amongst thy waves,
Like spectral blasts howling o'er dead men's
graves,—

E'en then, in thy wrath, with thee would I dwell,
For I love thee, thou Ocean untameable!

2.

(The Gale.)

Like a sea-fowl wild, I would love to glide
With ease and with grace o'er thy graceful tide;
Like a sea-bird tir'd, would I love to rest

All listless, at ease, on thy liquid breast;
And, whilst rock'd by thy fluctuations,
Would laugh at the buzz of nations;—

⁶ “The vasty deep.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Would shun stern Ambition's wrinkling
cares

. Which turn man's dark locks to hoary
hairs ;—

And "Peace" my sole motto,—

Sea-shells for my grotto,—

I would wing, with an airy flight, my course
O'er thy current smooth, or thy billows hoarse,
To some lonely shore,—some fanciful spot,
Where all the low cares of earth are *not* !

3.

(The wide Waste of Waters.)

Capricious, restless Sea !

Still near thee let me be ;

Or at evening soft, or at rosy morn,

Still let me o'er thy waves be borne ;—

Thy changing waves of green and of blue,

Reflecting clouds of varying hue,

Shall waft me, on bark grotesque and rude,

To Nature's profoundest solitude ;

And buried there,—in sweet amaze

I would woo thee for ever with ardent gaze ;

My lonely fate I still would bless
In the midst of Ocean's loneliness.
O! to me, there is much that is solemn and grave,
In riding alone on the Ocean-wave!

4.

(The Calm.)

Thou placid, smiling Ocean!
I love thee void of motion,
When thy gentle bosom, with softest grace,
All-glistening, invites to a pure embrace;
'Neath thy surface of glass, how little we know
What depth, and what mystery lurk below!
What treasures, what bones, or what merchandise
Lurk darkly,—lock'd up from mortal eyes!

O! how I could wish
To ask each tiny fish
Which steers its free course through thy azure
domain,
Thy wonders, damp charnel-house! once to explain:—

But these are seal'd up:—nought living may tell,
Then Ocean, thou dear but dark Ocean, farewell!

* * * * *

Mute his guitar!—he ceas'd again ;
And Silence held her mournful reign :—
At length, exclaim'd Evanthe, musing,
(Whilst every struggling effort using,)
“ May watchful Providence—may HE,
Whose eye is on the boundless sea,—
Who ‘ in great waters has His path ’—
Which never mark or footprint hath ;—
May HE, whose footsteps are not known,
Watch o’er thee, dearest, when alone ;
May HE be with thee, Henry, still,
And guide thee by His holy will,—
Guide thee for ever—ever—ever !
And may He leave thee never—never ! ”

They gaz'd into each other's eyes
In sorrow and in pain ;
And, through Love's doubtful agonies,
Ne'er hop'd to meet again.

They sadly gaz'd at one another
In sorrow and in pain ;—
At last she flew to Crichton's mother,—
He—to the azure main.

END OF CANTO III.

THE FAIR EVANTHE

A Poem.

CANTO IV.

"PINING AWAY."

"——— She pin'd in thought ;

* * * * *

She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

SHAKSPEARE.

CONTENTS OF CANTO IV.

Evanthe sings "Dirges" in a melancholy manner, and begins to pine away. Sometimes she is cheered by a gay letter from Crichton ; at other times, old Allan Ivor, her father's piper, attempts to divert her with his minstrelsy. But she still frequents "the Ruin" when she is able to do so ; and, when unable, sits at a window regarding the distant sea, and blessing the ships returning home.

.

CANTO IV.

Who hath not felt his spirit bend,
When death or absence takes a friend ?
When that dear face, we lov'd, is clay ?
Or when that friend is far away ?
The Christian, in that time of trial,
Uses restraint and self-denial ;
But O ! he mounts on wings of hope,—
He gives his aspirations scope,—
Thinks of a future joyful meeting,
Thinks of a future happy greeting,
Where sin no more succeeds to sorrow,
Where no one seeks, or dreads, the morrow :
 Where all look up to God's right hand,
 Where all are fully blest ;
 “ Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
 The weary are at rest ! ”

This sort of feeling came across
Evanthe's mind ; who bore her loss
At first with vigour, though with grief ;—
She found, indeed, a great relief
In looking for that happy end—
The glad return of *her* dear friend.
But, still, she strove, if he should never
Return to her, who lov'd him ever,
Forward to look, to holy union
And everlasting sweet communion
With that dear lost one, whose true heart,
Of *hers*—was just the counterpart.
Piously great, at times like this,
She felt a near approach to bliss ;
And *then* could lift her loving voice
To him—the object of her choice,—
Could thus address him', as if he
Were not upon the rolling sea :—

1 “ ——— Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld
him.”

LONGFELLOW'S “ *Evangeline*.”

EVANTHE'S DIRGE. (No. 1.)

ABSENCE.

1.

Absent dear one ! absent lover !
Present still with *me*—for ever !
Doth thy spirit o'er me hover ?
Wilt thou, love, forget me—never ?

2.

Oh ! if thou shouldst die, dear lover ?—
Better *so*, than to forget me :
Heaven some path would then discover,—
I would come, when God would let me.

3.

Death is a long absence merely,
Death can for a time but spite us ;
Heaven will restore us clearly !
Heaven will again unite us !

This was her happiest effort,—this
Her sweet memorial of bliss ;
Philosophy could but support
A something cheering of this sort.

At other times, when musing long,
A change came o'er her tender song ;
And *then*, through weariness and woe,
She felt a sad, unusual throe ;—
A pang of deep and sore distress
Would then her gentle heart oppress ;
And then her soul would vent its grief
In sounds, which gave her no relief :—

EVANTHE'S DIRGE. (No. 2.)

SORROW.

1.

O'er the sea, thou art gone far away,—
Far away !
All is gloomy, like clouds of dark grey,—
Well-a-day !

2.

Oh ! to me there is nothing more,—bright !
Ah, poor me !
Oh ! to me, life is one dreary night,—
Nought to see !

3.

Oh ! to me is there nothing but sorrow
 Black with grief ?
 Oh ! to me will there no bright to-morrow
 Bring relief ?

Evanthe, though still passing "fair,"
 Lost her bewitching, joyous air ;
 As *Shakspeare* says ², "She pin'd in thought :"
 No fresh amusement now she sought ;—
 No joy accrued from new friends' faces,
 She lov'd the old, familiar places.
 The "Ruin" still enjoy'd her love
 All other places far above ;—
 The Ruin, with its arch so bold,
 Through which the Sun-set stole of old,—
 That Ruin, with its "rustic bower,"
 Exerted, still, a soothing power.
 She lov'd to muse, in that dear spot,
 On him whom never she forgot.

² *Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night."* Act II. Scene 4.

At "Evening red and morning grey,"
She lov'd to pass the time away
In thoughts—all innocent and good,
In that dear Ruin's neighbourhood,—
In thoughts of Crichton,—thoughts of Heaven;—
Sweet thoughts, no doubt, to her were given!
For, God doth all true Christians bless
With thoughts no tongue can e'er express!

Evanthe, now, was much alone;
For, Crichton's mother "*home*" had gone:—
Her spirit mounted to the skies,
Longing for holier destinies!

Evanthe, as I said before,
Lost that bright look she had of yore;—
Evanthe, though still passing "*fair*,"
Lost that bewitching, joyous air,—
That look of bright and happy pleasure
Of which there is no mortal measure;—
That look—so beautiful and airy—
Which might become a *Shakspeare's* "*fairy*!"
Her look of joyful, sweet content,
By slow degrees, both wan'd and went!

And, in its place, looks—worn and wan,—
Which pain'd the eye to gaze upon,
Came, and infus'd a paleness cold,
In mode that cannot well be told :
Her looks were, still, soft looks of beauty ;
She follow'd, still, each holy duty ;
But there was gone that wondrous grace
Which lighted up, of old, her face ;—
Commanding all, who saw, to say,
(In manner kind, and brisk, and gay,)
" Why, this is Evanthe—Evanthe ' the fair,'—
With her lustrous eyes, and her flowing hair !"

Anon, there came a passing gleam
Of sunshine o'er her gloomy dream ;—
Glad letters came from foreign land,
Written by Crichton's own dear hand,—
Written so lovingly, that she
Felt, for a time, both blithe and free.
(How soft the balm which springs from letters
To nobles, dames, or those³ in fetters !

³ " Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid,—
Some pining captive, or some love-sick maid."

How freely do we act and think,
And joke and talk, *in pen and ink* !)—
In one of these communications,
Replete with old associations,
There came, to while the time away,
A bright Charade, a riddle gay,
Written in style of early day,
When “CŒUR DE LION” held proud sway !
“A Troubadour,” it thus began,—
(This was its style, and thus it ran) :—

A CHARADE⁴.

1.

A Troubadour, from foreign lands,
To a lady bright came singing ;—
“O ! lady bright, from thine own true knight
A message I am bringing :

⁴ It may be proper just to mention that the Author published this “Charade” in the year 1849, in “The Lady’s and Gentleman’s Diary,” under the signature of “*Cantab.*”

He lies in the mountains near my *first*,
 He dares not come to thee ;
 The foe accurst would on him burst,
 He therefore sendeth me :

2.

"And he biddeth me tell thee to seek my *next*,
 Where he will surely meet thee ;
 O ! be not vex'd, nor with fear perplex'd,
 For, thine own true love shall greet thee."
 Like a timid fawn, at early dawn,
 To my *second* the lady hied ;
 And, at his word, she met her lord,
 Who had *my whole* supplied.

Evanthe was a "thing of light,"—
 The lady-love of *her* true knight,—
 She, therefore, (sad thoughts to beguile,)
 Took interest in the ballad-style ;
 And soon found out, without much aid,
 The "*passport*" to the dark Charade :
 Then, told her correspondent-lover,
 The key was easy to discover !

(For, she, of old, was full of wit,
Oft making many a ready-hit ;—
And never sullen, nor morose ;
But gay, and cheerful, and jocose !)—
She thank'd him for his riddle pretty,
'Twas flowing, charming, good, and witty !
She lik'd his wit's poetic savour,—
It was a "*passport*" to her favour !

Moments, like these, were bright, but "few
And far between," if Fame speaks true ;—
Too like the Sun behind the clouds
When Gloom the smiling earth enshrouds ;
And yet, the bright and sunny spot,
Tho' scarce,—what reader loveth not ?—
I love the eagle, which doth fly
Tow'rds the bright Sun with steady eye :
I love the Sunshine bright and glaring,
I love the Sunshine when but sparing,
I love the Sun,—I love the day,
I love the Light in every way !
I love to see the eagle fly ;—
He loves the Sun, and so do I !

At other times, the fair Evanthe
 Was charm'd from many a grievous fancy
 By Allan Ivor's minstrel fire ;—
 He was the piper to her sire,
 And lov'd to sing, 'mid the ruin'd aisles,
 The glory and fame of "the Lords of the Isles."
 'Twas thus to cheer "the fair Evanthe"
 From many a pining grief and fancy,
 He sang (with music) the following story,—
 Warlike and fierce, and red and gory :—

ALLAN IVOR'S TALE.

THE DEATH OF A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN.

I saw Mac Donald in the morn,
 By a shrill blast upon his horn,
 Instant assemble every man
 Of his redoubted, gallant clan ;
 Until the plain, so green before,
 With tartan plaids was cover'd o'er,
 And till the heath from sight withdrew
 For claymore bright, and bonnet blue.

A finer clan than his, I ween,
Had Caledonia seldom seen ;
A clan of full two thousand men,
Brought up in Donald's native glen ;—
Of giant frame, of sinew tough,
With noble minds, tho' wild and rough ;
And hearts as solid, firm, and good,
As e'en the ground on which they stood.
" Sons of the mountains !" Donald cried,
" This day your valour shall be tried ;
This day I march to Kinloch's strand,
To meet Dark Murdoch's hostile band ;
And curst be he who mercy shows
To them—our deadly feudal foes."

* * * * *

I saw him at the fall of night,
But oh ! how sad, how chang'd the sight !

He lay quite silent, as if dead,
The lustre of his eye was fled ;
The dignified and haughty grace
Which mark'd his wild, peculiar race,
No longer on his forehead glow'd !
No more its potent fire bestow'd !

His limbs—so strong, so firm, before,
Lay powerless,—stain'd with human gore ;
His pallid cheek, his clotted hair,
His breast—all bloody, gash'd, and bare,—
His plaid—all torn, and dyed with red,—
Prov'd that with countless wounds he bled.

But soon he mov'd ;—a radiant glow
Of dazzling light beam'd o'er his brow ;
"Son of my father !" then he said,
"For victory alone thou'st bled ;
Not unreveng'd doth Donald die,
For, twenty foes now breathless lie,
Yes, twenty of Dark Murdoch's band
Lie breathless, slain by Donald's hand ;
And him, their chief, my blade hath found,—
E'en now Dark Murdoch bites the ground ;
Then Donald's soul is henceforth free
To sleep the sleep of victory !"

He ended with a sudden gasp,
His sword again he tried to grasp ;—
I caught the wildness of his eye,—
The glassy look of vacancy,—

The marble cheek, the quivering breath,—
I caught the look,—I knew 'twas death !

* * * * *

Evanthe rewarded the bard with a smile.
And seem'd cheer'd and amus'd with his strains
for awhile.

But soon her silent look of grief
Show'd how poor, and how short, was the music's
relief !

O'er the far distance pass'd her eye,—
O'er hill and tree, and cloud and sky ;
She look'd *by habit* tow'rds the sea,
She lov'd each harbour, port, and quay ;
She watch'd each distant ship's return,—
And *how* her little heart did burn
To think it might bring notes from one,
Whom her *true* soul ever doted on.
She, too, would search the map of India,
Could trace the lands of Rajah Scindiah :—
Would note each ridge in Hooker's Book ^s,—
In plans and charts would deign to look !

^s Dr. Hooker's interesting Volumes on the Himalayan Mountains.

It was, indeed, her only whim,
To occupy herself with *him* ;
In short, she was of ease bereft,
Since Crichton home and *her* had left.

So, hour by hour, and day by day,
The "fair" Evanthe pin'd away ;
And, month by month, began to feel
That treach'rous foe, Consumption, steal
With furtive step,—obscure and slow—
O'er her fair form, and daily *grow*.
If, on her "damask cheek," 'twould feed *,
A hectic came to hide the deed !
It first reduc'd her form rotund,
It pal'd her colour rubicund ;
It shorten'd then her balmy breath :—
Precursor sure of early death !
I do not say she knew her foe,—
How deadly it stole on,—though slow ;
I do not say she ever spoke
Of this most fell Disease's stroke ;

* "Like a worm i' the bud."

SHAKESPEARE.

But yet, I think that *well* she knew it,—
Though scarcely trying to eschew it.
However that may be, her illness
Requir'd much care, and warmth, and stillness;
And, gradual, came by fits increasing,
Until it made attacks unceasing.

But, *still*, “the Ruin old” she sought,—
And thither in a chair was brought;
And when the weather hinder'd that,
She at a pleasant window sat;
And, still, quite free from all commotion,
Look'd outward to the distant Ocean,
Took interest in all the ships,
And bless'd them with her holy lips;
And wish'd them safe at their voyage' end,
And prais'd all those who letters send!

Evanthe, thus, in quiet way,
For Crichton's health began to pray;
And though she much desir'd to greet him,
Pray'd God to help him and to keep him,—
Lest she herself should not survive
To meet her own true love alive.

EVANTHE'S EVENING HYMN.

1.

Let me commune, Lord ! with Thee,
Though " a thing of earth " I be.
Holy Shepherd ! safely keep
In Thy fold each weary sheep.

2.

Led by Christ, I trembling come
To that " better land "—my Home ;
Where shall cease the sounds of strife
Which distract this mortal life.

3.

Whilst the shades of Night are stealing,
Let Thy Spirit work my healing ;
Till I join the Angels' choir—
Full of zeal and sacred fire.

4.

Then there will be "rest " in Heaven!—
Holy peace to mortals given!
Sever'd saints again shall meet,
Interchanging thoughts most sweet.

END OF CANTO IV.

THE FAIR EVANTHE.

A Poem.

CANTO V.

THE PILGRIM.

" He stood apart from all the vulgar herd,
In his own holy world of separate thought ;
And they, too, kept aloof from him, and said
He was a Puritan, whose serious ways
Made discord with their fellowship."

R. M. BEVERLEY'S "*Redan*," a Poem.

CONTENTS OF CANTO V.

Henry de Crichton, wrapped up in a cloak, like a pilgrim, is seen striding towards Mac Donald's house, having heard of Evanthe's illness and approaching death. The meeting of him and the fair Evanthe. Evanthe's death. Her epitaph by Crichton. Henry de Crichton spends the rest of his days near "the old Ruin," in a picturesque cottage. His company is much sought after, but he lives retired. His "Dirge" on the death of the fair Evanthe. *L'Envoi* contains an after-account of Crichton's own death.

CANTO V.

Who cometh from yonder distant ship ?
Who, in his cloak, doth himself equip ?
Looking much like, as he hurries along,
A pilgrim describ'd in crusader's old song ?
Who hastens, with impetuous stridings,
As if he had just receiv'd bad tidings ?
Who is it that comes from beyond the sea ?
'Tis *like* Henry Crichton ;—but can it be ?—
O reader ! *is* it—*can* it be *he*
Who wearily comes from beyond the sea ?—
If so, one languid eye would lighten !
If so, one pallid cheek would brighten !
 O ! is it,—can it be *he* ?—
 That voyager, from the sea ?—
If so, there awaits him overmuch sorrow,—
If so, there awaits him a dark to-morrow !

There awaits him the painfulest sight under
Heaven !

For, to him hath the purest heart been given !
There awaits him the sight of Resignation,
There awaits him much true consolation,
But ah ! there awaits him a sorrowful parting,
From which there is *no* backward swerving or
starting ;—

A parting which makes the lover's soul tingle,
And awfully tells him, that he is "*single*."

Yes ; 'tis Henry de Crichton who hastens that way,
With his mariner's cloak, like a palmer grey ;
It is Henry de Crichton, with care-worn face,
Who hastes like a man that is running a race :
For, he has received mournful letters and news,
Which grief and despair o'er his person diffuse ;
Instructing him well, that Evanthe's fair form
Of besieging Consumption was braving the
storm,
But was braving it ill ! for, that *that* fell
disease
Would win the dire battle, and conquer with
ease !

Yes ; 'tis Henry de Crichton, who was told, on the
shore,

By Evanthe's own maid, (who could tell him no
more

Because she found, to her sad surprise,
Her choking voice drown'd by tearful eyes,) *That Evanthe was sinking*,—quite surely, though
slowly ;—

That she lay on her couch, resign'd and lowly ;—
That she pray'd to behold her Henry again
Before she should quit this life of pain ;
Then, body and soul she would meekly resign
To her Holy God, and her Saviour Divine !

De Crichton rush'd to Mac Donald's door,
And there he stay'd for an hour and more ;
For, Evanthe's sire, though with grief astounded,
And by friends and domestics in sorrow sur-
rounded,
Could not be persuaded, through overmuch pride,
To invite, as his guest,—in his house to abide,—
One whom before, for a son, he'd refus'd,
And whom, as the cause of this grief, he
abus'd.

Whilst De Crichton remain'd without the
door,

There rush'd on his mind the sweet days of
yore ;—

The Ruin belov'd, with its arch of beauty,—

The piper devoted and true to his duty,—

The songs he had sung,—and Evanthe's dis-
course,—

All these now occur'd to his mind with great
force ;

And he took up the burden, (once thought so
pretty,)

And chanted a verse of his old love-ditty ;—

“ I am a pilgrim weary,

Life's road is rough and bare,

And all is dark and dreary—

Except when *thou* art there.

Sweet lady ! I will love thee

For ever and for aye ! ”

Hadst thou been, gentle reader ! in that sick
room,—

So holy, and yet so oppress'd with gloom,—

Hadst thou stood with awe near Evanthe's bed,
Round whom a saintly lustre was shed,
You, no doubt, would have gaz'd in utter amazement,
(For, De Crichton was standing under her casement,)

At the sudden change which overspread
The pale features reposing on that sick bed,
When the well-known sound of his much-lov'd
voice

Caus'd Evanthe's heart and soul to rejoice !
You doubtless would, with surprise, have survey'd
The colour that came on the cheek of the maid ;—
Perhaps it might be but a hectic flush, —
Perhaps it was only a maiden's blush, —
But, whatever it was, it adorn'd her pale face
With ineffable beauty, and matchless grace.

And *now* the hard father no more could withstand
The appeal of those who around the bed stand, —
Or, perhaps 'twas the light of Evanthe's eye, —
Or, perhaps 'twas the verse of minstrelsy, —
Which stole on his heart in that sad hour
With an undefined and resistless power ;—

But orders he gave to introduce
De Crichton, and place *fit rooms for his use* !

So Henry de Crichton, with noiseless tread,
Approach'd in silence the invalid's bed ;—
So silently, so wistfully, so eagerly he came,
That none had time to mention, or whisper forth
his name.

But he is in the room,—'tis done !
None heard his stealthy step,—save *One* !

He was like a holy prophet
When, awe-struck, he came in ;—
And she was like a seraph
Amidst a world of sin.

They gaz'd into each other's eyes
With a solemn, eager air ;
They warmly grasp'd each other's hands,—
That all-but-wedded pair !

Deliciously, the moist'ning tears
Suffuse Evanthe's eyes ;
And presently her voice is heard
In low and plaintive cries :—

“It is enough!—And now, O Lord !
Let me depart in peace!”—
No mortal heard another word ;—
Her gentle accents cease.

Slowly her feeble hands let go
Their true and earnest grasp ;
As a bracelet opens, when a girl
Touches the spring of the clasp.

Most slowly in her lustrous eyes
A fixedness you trace ;
But Henry Crichton still descries
Them,—fix’d upon his face.

And now ’tis o’er !—
No more ! No more !—
She is sleeping her last long sleep !—
Leave Crichton alone to weep.

* * * * *

They left him ;—that father so proudly majestic,
Follow’d by many a weeping domestic ;
(For, Evanthe was lov’d in cottage and hall,
By prince and by peasant—by great ones and
small ;)

They left him ;—and then the Highlanders¹ said,
“ They heard Angels’ wings rustling o’er the bed.”

They left him alone—

To muse and to cry,
With many a groan
And many a sigh.

They left him alone—

To weep and to pray ;—
In prayer he must groan
For many a day.

He is “ a pilgrim weary,”

Life’s road is rough and bare ;
And all is dark and dreary,—
For, Evanthe is not there !

* * * * *

Evanthe was plac’d in holy ground,—
Not where her ancestors’ bones are found,
But in an old grave-yard, now not us’d,—
In sight of the Ruin which joy infus’d

¹ The Highlanders were, as is well attested, singularly subject to superstition.

With its beautiful arch, and its "rustic bower,"—
Thrice beautiful at Sunset hour !

Thither follow'd her sire, on the funeral-day,
And De Crichton, wrapp'd up in his cloak of grey.

Also faithful domestics and loving poor
Follow'd the corpse from Mac Donald's door ;
And little children, who whisper'd and cried,
And wonder'd *why* Evanthe had died,
And who, hand in hand, told one another,
That "*they* had now lost their second mother."

And 'tis said the meek priest caus'd checks and
fears,

Through stammering his prayers with so many
tears ;—

Sad were the griefs of that priest, good and mild ;
For, though Evanthe his "sister"² he styl'd,
He felt as though he had lost a dear child. }

But there was a mourner, unseen at first,
Till through the sad crowd into notice he burst,
And that was a dog which his mistress did prize,
Majestic in form, and unrivall'd in size ;

² In the Burial Service.

A deer-hound immense!—for sagacity fam'd,
So huge, that "Lion" at once he was nam'd;
To all others fierce;—to his enemies brave;
To Evanthe alone, a most fawning slave.
How poor "Lion" did scratch, and whine, and
bark,

And remain'd with poor Crichton till long after
dark!

Then those two bereav'd ones became firmest
friends,

For Friendship's the goal to which sympathy
tends;

And from the sad moment they left that grave,
De Crichton was track'd by the deer-hound brave.

So De Crichton was left alone, with the hound,
And a sweet humble resting-place soon he found;
For, a cottage there stood, near Evanthe's grave,
Which Mac Donald to Crichton with courtesy
gave;

(For, Pride's film had been drawn from the
father's eye,

And fair Truth, through the mist, he began to
descry;)

There, too, a young clansman he told to remain,—
The son of his henchman, one Donald Mc Blain ;
Who would rather have follow'd his father tough,
But remain'd with fidelity—true but rough.

Mc Blain and the dog are now Crichton's fast
friends ;

And in calm meditation his life he now spends ;
Allan Ivor, the piper, oft visits him there,
And reminds him (too well !) of "Evanthe the
fair :"—

A pure marble slab he has had erected
To her, for whom he was so much dejected ;
And, on it, the following inscription he wrote,
(For, to *her* he lov'd, still, his hours to devote) :—

THE FAIR EVANTHE'S EPITAPH.

"Here sweetly sleeps, beneath this sod,
The fair Evanthe,—child of God :—
A shining star in grace and beauty,
A shining star in faith and duty.
The daughter of Mac Donald brave
Lies lowly in this humble grave :—
In every trial, pain, and loss,
She meekly bore her Saviour's cross ;—
And trod the rugged path to glory
As Christ show'd *how*, in Sacred Story."

At Evening, alone,—alone, save the hound,—
Near “the Ruin old,” Crichton ever was found ;
He lov’d to go there at Sunset hour,—
But he never sat, *now*, in “the rustic bower ;”
He lay down near the span of the beautiful arch,
Beneath the soft shade of the tall weeping-
larch ;—

There, in the red twilight of Summer he linger’d,
Whilst to psalms and to hymns his guitar he
finger’d.

Thus, with holy thoughts his mind he strengthen’d,
Till the shadows of him and his dog were
lengthen’d,—

Were lengthen’d most lovingly ; for, to his fancy,
The hound was the legacy of Evanthe !

Thus, Crichton pass’d each fine evening away,
Free from the cares which oppress the “gay :”—
A pilgrim he was, sad and mournful, but sage ;
For, Life is itself but a pilgrimage
To brighter scenes, and to a holier life,
Free from temptation, envy, wrath, and strife :
And better, thus, he was prepar’d for Heaven,
Than those to whom more earthly bliss was given.

* * * * *

De Crichton was sought for, by parties of state,—
His alliance was sought by the wealthy and great;
But "*single*" he resolv'd to die,—
True to Evanthe's memory !

De Crichton was offer'd posts of high station,
Where well he might hope to serve his nation ;
But near her tomb he resolv'd to lie,—
True to Evanthe's memory !

Had he been wedded, he, I ween,
A strict monogamist would have been ;
For, once, a gay party, who knew of his fame,
Invited him there, but he never came :
He sent them a song :—one to play it they
urge ;—
It was play'd ; and lo ! 'twas the following
Dirge :—

DE CRICHTON'S DIRGE

ON THE DEATH OF THE FAIR EVANTHE.

1.

Gone from earth, and gone for ever,—
Never to return ;—no, never !
What is earth when thou art gone ?
I am here alone—alone !

All—all alone !

2.

Gone from earth, and gone to Heaven !
Joyful shouts to God³ are given !—
Like Evanthé, sweet and fair,
I must strive to journey *there*,
Where all is fair !

3.

Gone to Heaven, and gone from earth,
Old things die, and new have birth ;
Heaven I seek ; and earth I leave,
Where I pine away, and grieve :—
Earth I must leave.

³ "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—JOS xxxviii. 7.

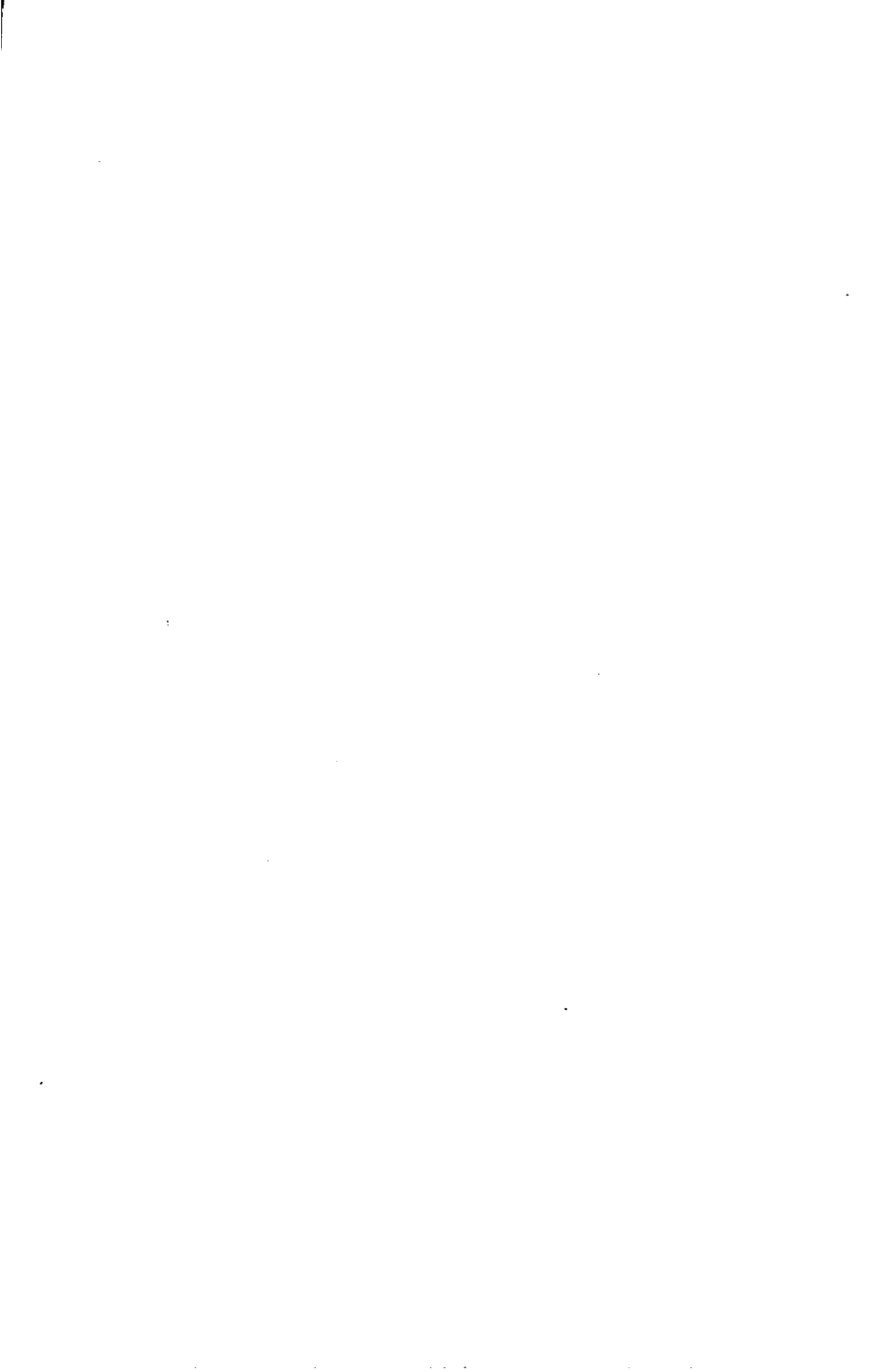
4.

Fair Evanthe! thou art gone!
I remain alone—alone!
Why, then, longer should I stay?
God will call me soon away:—
I wait *that day*!

L'ENVOI.

“*That day*” was not distant; for, once at eve,
The hound was heard to howl and grieve
With such a piteous whine and moan,
As drew a crowd to his master lone.
The dog ne’er ceas’d his mournful cry;
They knew not, at first, the reason why;—
But the “riddle” was quickly “read;”—
When they came, “the pilgrim” was dead!
And now *two* tombs the stranger espies,
One beside that where fair Evanthe lies!

END OF CANTO V.

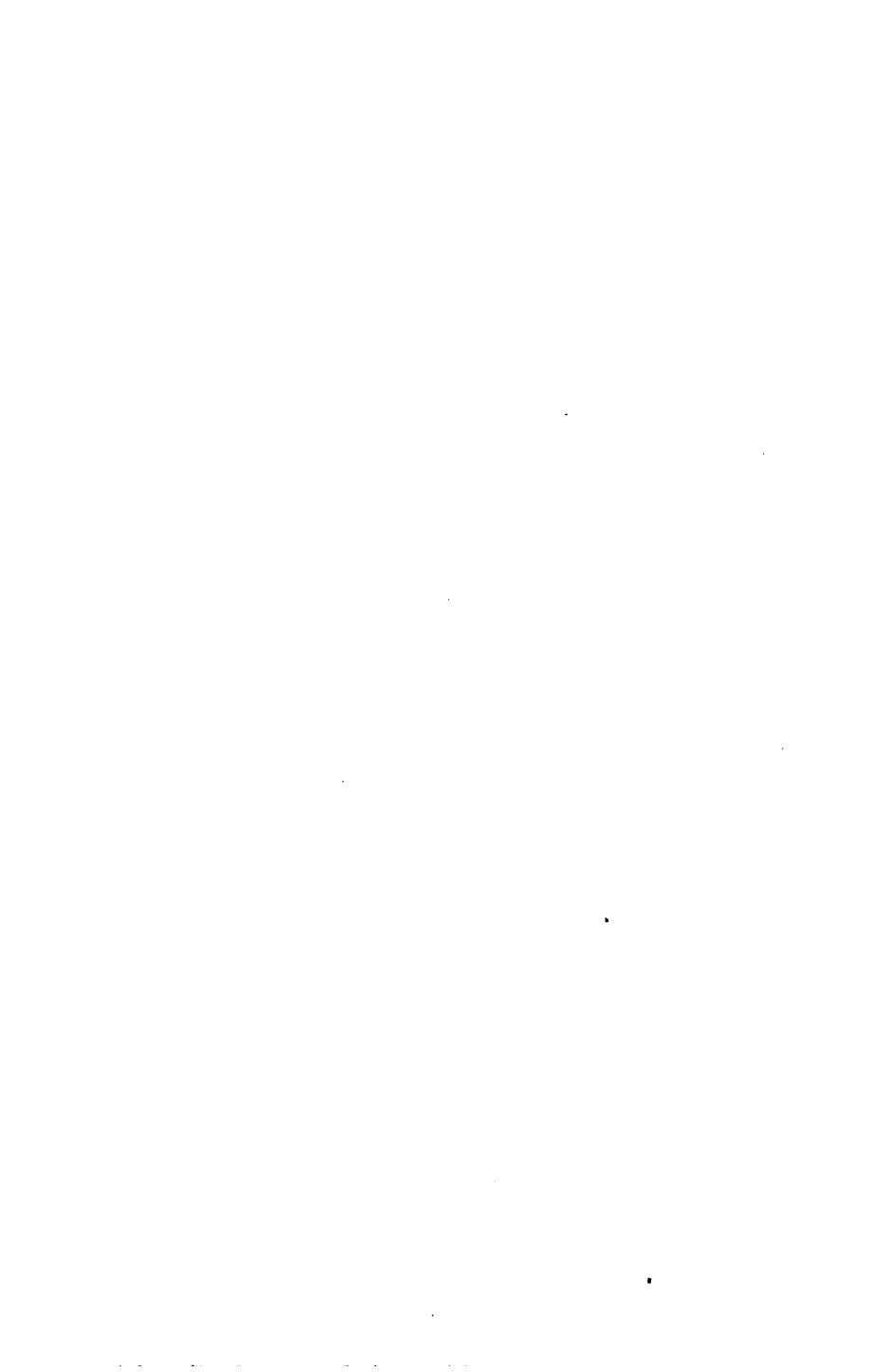


EGYPT.

A Poem.

" Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc; illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibim."

JUVENAL, XV. 1—3.



EGYPT.

ROLL, mighty Nilus ! roll thy turbid waves
'Mid Egypt's ancient tombs and mystic graves ;
Roll on in glory :—*they* shall all decay,
And, like a garment, crumbling waste away ;—
The moth,—the worm,—Time's sure-decaying
rust

Shall turn them all to ashes and to dust ;
But Thou, like some strong giant, wild with glee,
Shalt woo the graceful smiles¹ that deck the sea ;—
Shalt still extend thine arms, in playful mood,
And pour thy riches in the boundless flood :—
There, on the heaving bosom of the deep,
Like some tired pilgrim gently fall asleep ;—

¹ ——— ποτιῶν τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prom. Vinc.*

There, in the swelling waters, hide thy face,
Whilst "the Great Sea"² receives thy warm
embrace.

Roll on, dark Nile ! beneath the bright blue sky,
Roll on :—all Nature cheers thee with its cry ;
For thee the wild fowl lengthen out their
train,—

The gay flamingo, and the beauteous crane,
The hoarse-mouth'd pelican, the egret fair,
Whirl their appointed courses in mid air.
For joy of thee, the river-horses snort,
The wild birds scream, the crocodiles disport.
Blest fount of gladness ! joy attends thy course ;
E'en from the distant wilds, whence springs thy
Source,
(Those far-off wilds, where dog-faced³ beings
dwell,—
So old traditions love at large to tell,)

² Though the Levant was sometimes styled "*Mare Parthenium*," yet, in Scripture, the Mediterranean is called "the Great Sea."

³ *The Cynocephali*. "The Kiashef, in reply to our question where the sources of the Nile were, said they were not very distant,

Down to the currents of the tideless ' Sea,
All—all is busy life, instinct with glee ;
Bright are the glories which begem thy stream,—
Fierce Sol's resplendent rays, fair Luna's beam,
The lovely palm-tree yielding gracious shade,
The sleepless grandeur of the hoarse cascade !
The howling desert, at thy advent mild,
Smiles with bright verdure, and no more looks
wild.

A beauteous border marks thy genial track,—
As if glad Nature would invite thee back ;
A palm-tree margin dots thy watery way,—
As though " hand join'd in hand " to beg thee
stay.

And when, at length, thy Inundation pours
O'er Egypt's land its fertilizing stores,

but that the barbarous tribes and fierce animals, with which the intermediate country abounds, rendered them difficult of approach One of these tribes, he told us, is a nation of dogs with women wives !—the old tradition, then, of the Cynocephali, or dog-headed men, is still current here."—LORD LINDSAY'S "*Letters on Egypt, &c.*"

⁴ It has often been said, (though perhaps erroneously,) that the Mediterranean has no tides.

The simple folk, with touching cry, complain—
 "'Tis Isis weeping for Osiris slain '!"

How the dark race who round about thee dwell,
 Love⁵ their own Sihor⁷, words can never tell!

Roll on, dark Nile! beneath the bright blue sky,
 Roll, and reflect the glorious orbs on high;
 Roll on! roll on!—it is a gladsome tale
 Thy rippling waters tell th' opposing⁸ gale;—
 Cheer'd by their dewy whispers, on it hastes
 Urging the struggling barks through dreary
 wastes:—

Let *them* toil on; or, when delay'd by calms,
 Seek pleasant shelter 'neath some group of palms;
 (Sweetly the graceful palm-branch waves in air,
 Like angels' fans o'er drooping mortals fair!)

⁵ In allusion to the myth, that Osiris was murdered by Typhon

⁶ "The Nile is the river which the Egyptians worshipped, and the Arabs loved, and 'which,' as the Mussulmans say, 'if Mohammed had tasted, he would have prayed Heaven for terrestrial immortality, that he might continue to enjoy it for ever.'"—STEPHENS'S *"Incidents of Travel."*

⁷ The word Sihor means "blackness;" and is used in Scripture for the Nile. *Vide* Isaiah xxiii. 3, and Jeremiah ii. 18.

⁸ The *Etesian* wind; which, for several months, blows in a direction opposite to the course of the Nile River.

Let *them* toil on ; but roll, thou, swiftly down,
Past each old Temple, and each ancient town ;
Roll on, dark Nile ! beneath the bright blue sky,
Roll swiftly on, and spread FERTILITY ;
While the glad Delta, offspring of thy wealth,
Appropriates thy stores with robber stealth.
Then, like a seven-arm'd wrestler, stain'd with
soil,
Plunge in the Ocean, after all thy toil.

Egypt, thou land of Summer ! calm and blest,
With Time's artistic relics richly drest,
O ! what delight to pass dread Winter by,
Beneath the splendours of thy cloudless sky * !
Thy arid ¹ climate makes e'en Winter gay,
Chasing, with blandest smile, stark cold away.
Egypt ! to thee I turn with curious eye,
To thee, thou Monument of mystery !

* " A cloudless sky,—known only in Egypt."—STEPHENS'S "*Incidents of Travel*."

¹ Burckhardt says that "the climate of Nubia, though intensely hot in summer, particularly in the narrow, rocky parts of the country, is very healthy, owing perhaps to the extreme *aridity* of the atmosphere."—BURCKHARDT'S "*Nubia*."

Proud, stern, and O ! mysteriously calm,
 On thee Antiquity bestows its palm,—
 Bestows its honour'd palm on thee alone,
 For, thou wast *old*, ere other lands were known ² !
 To thee I turn, (let other poets praise
 The brighter glories of more modern days,)
 To thee I turn with meditative eye,
 Thou Monument of dim Antiquity !
 And, as I gaze upon each ancient pile,
 Flash on my mind the fables of the Nile,—
 The folded mummy,—huge sarcophagus
 With pictur'd meaning fraught,—once dark to
 us,
 (Whose stores Champollion ³ from the realms of
 night
 By penetrating skill dragg'd forth to light),—
 The mystic ibis, and the lengthy train
 Of sculptur'd deities begin their reign :—

² “ Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.”
 CAMPBELL's “ *Address to a Mummy*.”

³ Though Dr. Young found out the *key* to the Rosetta-stone,
 Champollion discovered the *phonetic alphabet*.

Veil'd in a robe,—adorn'd with beards of corn,
 Crown'd with the chaste Diana's crescent horn,
Sistrum in hand,—in state first Isis⁴ goes;
 OSIRIS next his two-horn'd mitre shows;
 From his high pedestal ANUBIS barks,
 And the pied Bull is recognized by marks,—
 Marks which th' Egyptian dames with joy revere,
 And call on APIS—more from love, than fear.
 The melancholy SPHINX *here* crouching sat,
There reign'd on high BUBASTIS' sacred Cat:
 The Asp mortiferous was worshipp'd here,—
 That dire embodiment of hate and fear,
 The Asp mortiferous,—that “adder deaf⁵,”
 The wise “familiar” of the genius CNEPH⁶,

⁴ This has been eloquently described by Ovid,

“ — Inerant lunaria fronti

Cornua, cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro,
 Et regale decus; cum quâ latrator Anubis,
 Sanctaque Bubastis, variusque coloribus Apis;
 Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet;
 Sistraque erant, nunquamque satis quæsitus Osiris,
 Plenaque somniferi serpens peregrina veneni.”

Metam. ix. 687 *et seq.*

⁵ “The original of the word, in Psalm lviii. 4, signifies an asp.”
 —DR. HARRIS.

⁶ “Sometimes we find Cnuphis (Cnuphis, or Cneph), as the

Graven on Pharaoh's tomb,—a royal sign—
 The constant symbol ' of the kingly line.
 Lo ! Horus ⁸ beckons with his hawk-head wand,
 Ruling the times and seasons through the land :
 But hist ! 'tis now the Silent god ⁹ that comes,
 All tongues grow mute, and silent all the drums !
 He seems to *hush us* from his lotus-flower,
 Silent, but keen. Ah ! Silence oft is power !
 With finger rais'd, and mitred head, he stands,
 And, ere about to go, respect commands,—
 A clever figment, teaching all the crowd
 To *think* and *act*, instead of talking loud.
 And now, in lake ¹ replenish'd from the Nile,
 Reigns, tame and fat, the sacred Crocodile :—
 All these and hundreds more, in various ways,
 Display the arts and modes of by-gone days !—

good genius, represented by a serpent, which the Greeks called Agathodæmon."—MARQUIS SPINETO.

⁷ "Every Pharaoh," says Gliddon, "bears the asp on his crown : it is an emblem of royalty, as its Greek name *basilisk* implies."—GLIDDON'S "*Ancient Egypt*."

⁸ Horus or Orus.

⁹ Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence.

¹ At Arsinoë, near the lake Mœris, the crocodile was held in especial veneration.

Display the follies, crudities, and crimes,
 Of men—untaught of God—in ancient times !
 These were thy gods, O Egypt!—wood and
 stone;

Dark land of idols ! *thou* couldst not have known,
 Whilst crime and cruelty² bedimm'd thine eye,
 Th' Eternal God of gods, who reigns on high ;
 Who dwells in every place—around, above !
 Alas ! *thou couldst* not know that “God is
 love :”—

Sublime the truth, and simple as sublime,
 Yet, dark to all till God's appointed time.

With thoughtful eye,—with souls too full to
 speak,

Students of Time ! who love each dim antique,
 Come, muse with me o'er many an ancient pile
 Which still, though dead, enlivens all the Nile ;—
 Which, beckoning, lingers still ;—as if to say,
 “Behold a history writ in stone or clay !”—

² “ ——— Mœotide sævior arâ
 Ægyptus.”

JUV. xv. 115.

Which, broken, lingers still,—as if to show
A poem written on a portico !
Students of Time ! who love the mystic page—
The mouldering record of each by-gone age,
And know, while gazing on each arch or wall,
The frail papyrus shall outlast them all,
With living pictures fraught, of ancient days,
Whose colours ³ freshen as admirers gaze!—
Students of ancient times, and mystic things,
Enjoy with me the sweets such dreaming brings ;
And thou, bright Muse ! O come with me and
climb

Where Gizeh's pyramids still mock at Time ;
Ascend the tomb where Cheops' ashes lie—
That mystic tomb which tapers tow'rds the sky,—
That mound of art, which views with calm dis-
dain

The pigmy efforts of each modern reign ;—
There Royal dust ignobly strews the soil
Trampled by Arabs,—riflers seeking spoil ;—

³ Speaking of the tomb of Sesostris, Lord Lindsay says, "Every wall, every column in Egyptian architecture was painted; the colours often remain as brilliant as if they had only been laid on yesterday."

No skill mechanical, no art could save
The earthy treasures of that kingly grave;
Man's care and foresight were of slight avail,—
The empty coffin tells a moving tale!
But come! no jarring thoughts must intervene,
Belzoni's spirit hovers o'er the scene:
Some master-spirit ever haunts around,—
Mystic each scene, and solemn every sound!
Some *Genius loci* ⁴ ever lingers near,
Like Memnon ⁵ vocal, or like Echo clear!
Some fond enthusiast ever hangs about,
No priest of Isis e'er was more devout!
Come, let us climb with speed that mystic stair,
And Burckhardt's kindred soul will join us
there,
(Burckhardt! who lov'd 'mid Nubia's sands to
stray;—
Probing the past, he toil'd his life away!)

⁴ The *Genius loci*, during Lord Lindsay's visit, was *Caviglia*,—
a famous, but mysterious Italian. He appears to have been the
counterpart of Belzoni.

⁵ It was (rather poetically) feigned, that "unseen melody"
occasionally issued from the gigantic statue of Memnon in the
Memnonium.

Then let us gaze, beneath the bright blue sky,
On all around, with meditative eye ;—
There flows the Nile, as it hath ever flow'd,
And sails are spread, and struggling barks are
row'd,

Still bends the palm-tree, with its graceful frond,
Still scream the wild fowl in the sky beyond ;
But where is Memphis—once beyond compare ?
We gaze,—we search ; and Echo answers—
Where ?

Noph is a desolation ! Look around,—
Show, ye who can, one ancient mark or bound !
The lofty city is laid low, and gone,
Whilst Time, with stealthy scythe, keeps creeping
on !

All is dissolv'd through Time's corroding rust,
And each gigantic statue⁶ bites the dust.

Look now to On, the city of the Sun,
Where Joseph found a bride ; and let us run

⁶ The Colossus of Rameses the Great. This statue and a smaller one were all that was to be found, when Lord Lindsay visited the ruins of Memphis. So true are the words of prophecy,—“ I will destroy the idols, and will cause the images to cease out of Noph.”

With eye discursive o'er the glorious plain
Where Egypt's mystic lore once held its reign ;
Hath *that* proud Temple, too, receiv'd its fall ?—
Lo ! a few shiver'd Sphinxes now are all !
But still the pilgrim's meditative eye
Mataria's ancient fig-tree can descry ;
And still with faith can see, beneath the shade',
The CHILD of HER—"the Mother and the Maid !"
Rest, Holy Wanderers ! lo ! your toil is done
Till "out of Egypt God hath called His Son !"
Ascend the river ; visit ancient states,
View Thebes, the glorious ! with her hundred
gates ;
And Carnac's palaces, and Luxor's walls,
And Philæ's temple, which each heart enthalls ;
Ebsamboul's tombs invite thy feet to stray
'Mid curious treasures of a by-gone day,
And Beni-Hassan's pictures teem with life,—
With vivid scenes of home, and war, and strife.

Trophies of ancient times ! 'Tis living all
That classic taste, or mem'ry can recall ;

' According to a legend of the land.

Impress of art ! the wonderful, the vast—
Tested by Time, bears witness to the past ;
Revives, in living stone, each warrior sage,
Illumes with mystic oil th' historic page,
And opes wide fields where fancy loves to
 roam,

Lost in discursive mazes, yet at home !
Trophies of ancient times ! 'tis living all !—
Osiris lives, with Isis, on each wall ;
Ages roll back, and to the mind display
When Israel groan'd 'neath Egypt's cruel sway.
But O ! at length their meek Deliverer came—
The man who saw, and spake to, God in flame ;
In every heart was sung a secret song
As Moses led his captive band along :
“ Farewell, dark Egypt ! on thy hostile soil
No more shall Israel's sons, as menials, toil !
Farewell, proud Egypt ! never more shall rise
The lofty obelisk, which nears the skies,
Rear'd by the sweat of Israel's fainting sons,
Whilst down their skins the lash's red stream
 runs ! ”

On—*out of Egypt*, through the billowy sea ;—
Ye chosen ones of God,—on—on ! be free !

The crested waves are check'd, and still'd the
tide,—

Through walls of water rang'd on either side,
The Israelites have walk'd as on dry land ;
The sea is pass'd, and gain'd the Arabian strand !
Not so, proud Egypt ;—'mid the billows tost,
Lives, armour, horses, chariots—all are lost !
Then swells the chorus of the glorious song,—
Moses and Miriam their glad strains prolong ;—
“The Lord hath triumph'd : He hath check'd the
speed

Of the fierce rider and his prancing steed !”
Waft, ye glad winds, the cadence of their glee
O'er the Red waters of the dancing Sea :—
“The Lord hath triumph'd : He hath check'd the
speed

Of the fierce rider and the prancing steed !”
Loud on the ear triumphant music floats,
And stern Arabia^s echoes Miriam's notes.
Farewell, dark Egypt !—hear the mournful close,—
The sad recital of thy bitter woes ;—

^s Arabia Petraea.

Thy lot is fix'd—for better or for worse ;
Writhe on, for ever :—God hath said His curse ;
Full thrice ten busy centuries have roll'd
Since first thy bitter destiny was told ;—
The Greek, the Turk, in turn have trod thee down,
And thou hast felt the stern Assyrian's frown ;
The Persian, too, hath lent his cruel hate
To fill the measure of thy hapless fate ;—
Full thirty centuries the stranger's tread
Hath crush'd thy neck, and trampled on thy head ;
And thou art now,—as once foretold to be,—
What every Bible-student soon may see,
“ *Basest of Kingdoms*”⁹, patent to all eyes,
Deep in the mire,—and never more to rise !

⁹ “It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations.”—EZEKIEL xxix. 15.

For a fine reflection on this subject, *vide* STEPHENS'S “*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, &c.*”

THE
NIGHTINGALE.

(LINES PRESENTED TO MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.)

1.

How sweet the charm of solemn thought
That comes with midnight holy,
When souls, with earth's excitements fraught,
Court pensive Melancholy :
How sweet, with gaze uplifted high,
From perfume-breathing casement,
To commune with the spangled sky
In dreamy joy's amazement.

2.

How sweet to hear, at that still hour,
Sad Philomel's song gushing ;
Which whelms the listener with its power,
O'er all his senses rushing ;—

Fit melody for holiest scene,
Suggesting loftiest story ;
Raising the worldling—base and mean—
To purest thoughts of glory.

3.

E'en so, when War's hoarse trumpet fill'd
Crimean lands with clangour,
And many a wounded wretch, half kill'd,
Groan'd forth with pain and languor ;
A NIGHTINGALE, in richest tones,
Assuag'd the cry of sorrow,
And, soothing grief and broken bones,
Cheer'd up the dark to-morrow.

THE
ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(LINES PRESENTED TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE ATLANTIC
TELEGRAPH, AUGUST, 1858.)

THOU loving link of Nations ! fraught with skill,—
Advancing hitherto,—advancing *still*,—
Distance and space are nothing in thy hands :
Thy grasp the wide Atlantic now commands !
Deep in the mire of Ocean's depths profound,—
Spite of huge inequalities of ground,—
Thy proud results both skill and power combine,
And the GLAD MESSAGE "lives along the line"¹,—
Flashes o'er earth, and glistens through the sea,
All undiminish'd in its bright degree.
Like living fire, it glows through regions dark,
And finny monsters quiver at the spark.

¹ Pope.

Sweet was it ever,—sweeter soon 'twill be,
In spite of rugged land or raging sea,
To meet responsive souls, and ever find,
In flashing interchange, some genial mind.

Fair Science! how I love thee!—in my heart
Thou hast an humble home;—ne'er let us part!
Progressive Science,—noble, patient, true!
Advancing onwards with ulterior view,
'Tis thine to teach,—'tis thine to cheer mankind
With the bright efforts of each Master-mind;
'Tis thine to teach, by each impulsive move,
What brighter things are realiz'd above!
Knowledge, below, her flag has now unfurl'd,
But pure Perfection loves a better world.

THE END.

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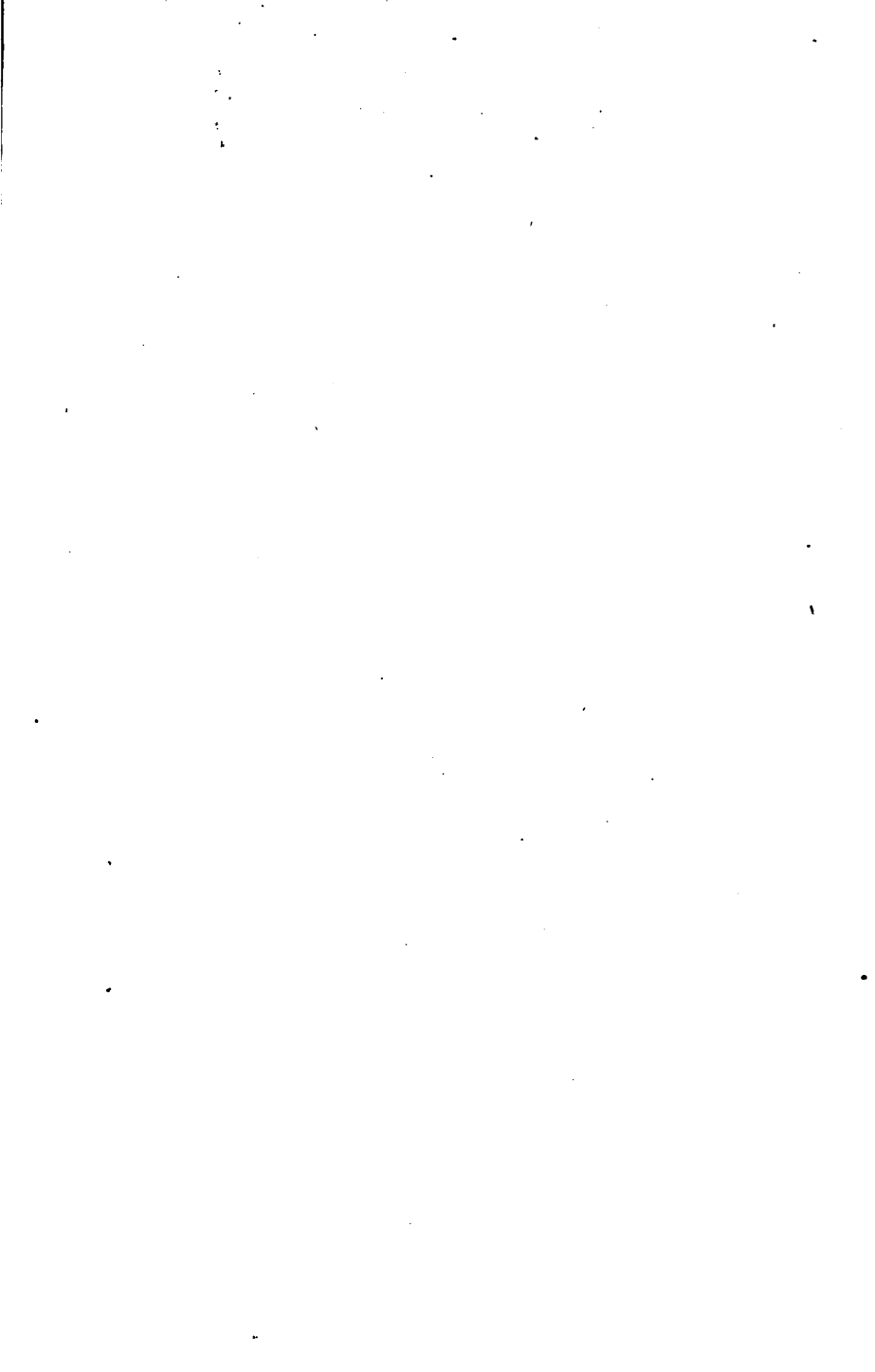
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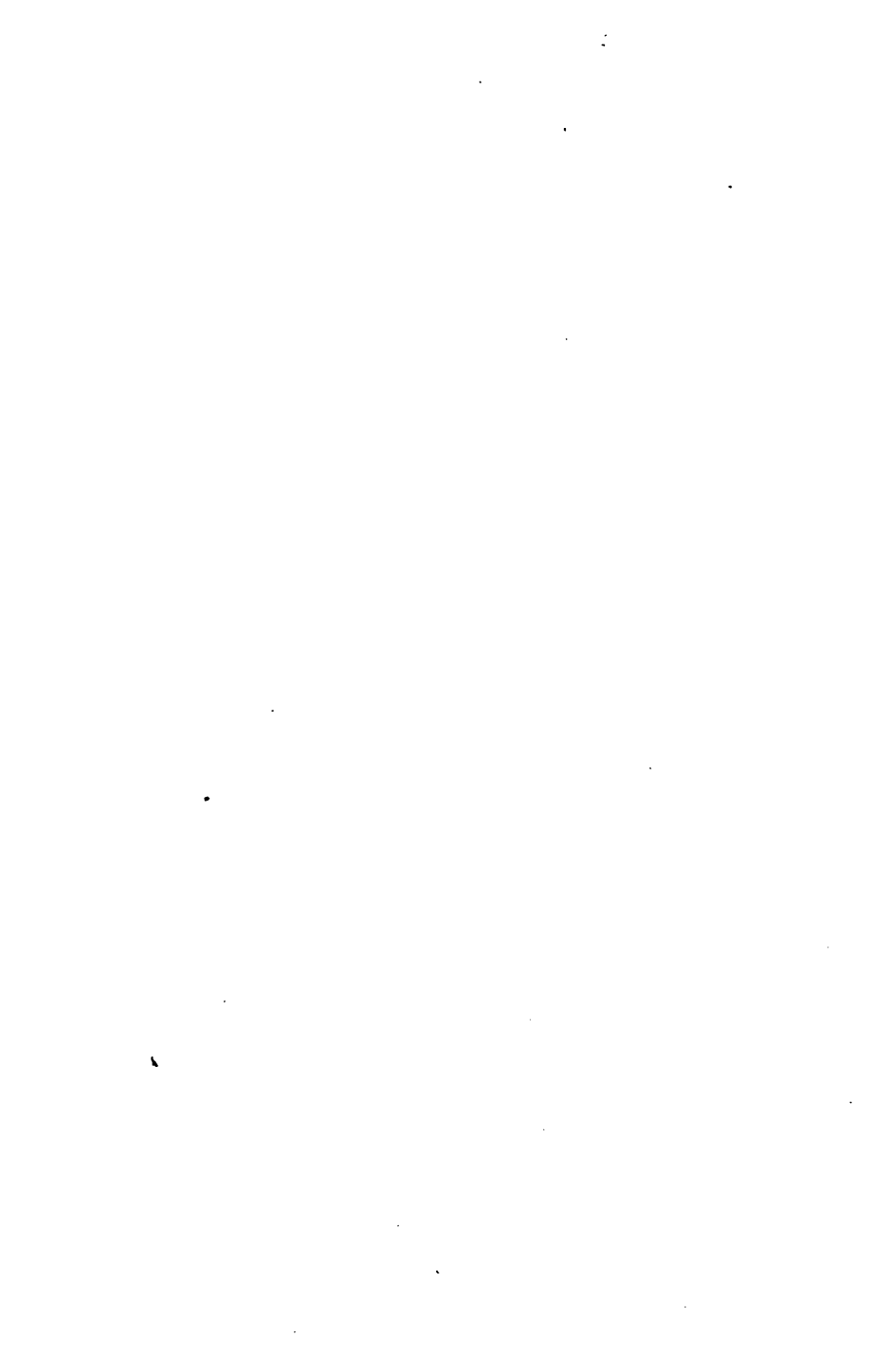
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